



JACOBS
accompanied by
DIER GASKIN,
with the
AL STAFF BAND
will visit
St. Sunday, May 27.

COL. MARGETTS
will visit
Tuesday, May 16, to Sun-
day, May 20.
Monday, May 21.
Vt., Friday, May 25.
and Sun., May 26, 27.
Monday, May 28.

COL. MRS. READ
Sunday, May 27.

COL. MRS. FRIEDRICH
and the
STETTE OF T. H. Q.
will visit
Saturday, Sunday, May 20.

COL. MRS. FRIEDRICH
Sunday, May 27.

COL. MRS. GASKIN
Sunday, May 20.

COL. MILLAN
will visit
Tuesday, Sat. and Sun., May
20, 21, 22.
Wednesday, May 21.
Tuesday, May 22.
Wednesday, May 23.
Thursday, May 24.
Friday, May 25.
Saturday, Sat. and Sun.,
26, 27.

COL. GASKIN AND MRS.
WINTER,
Sunday, May 20.
Saturday, Sat. and Sun., May
20, 21.
Tuesday, May 24.
Wednesday, May 25.

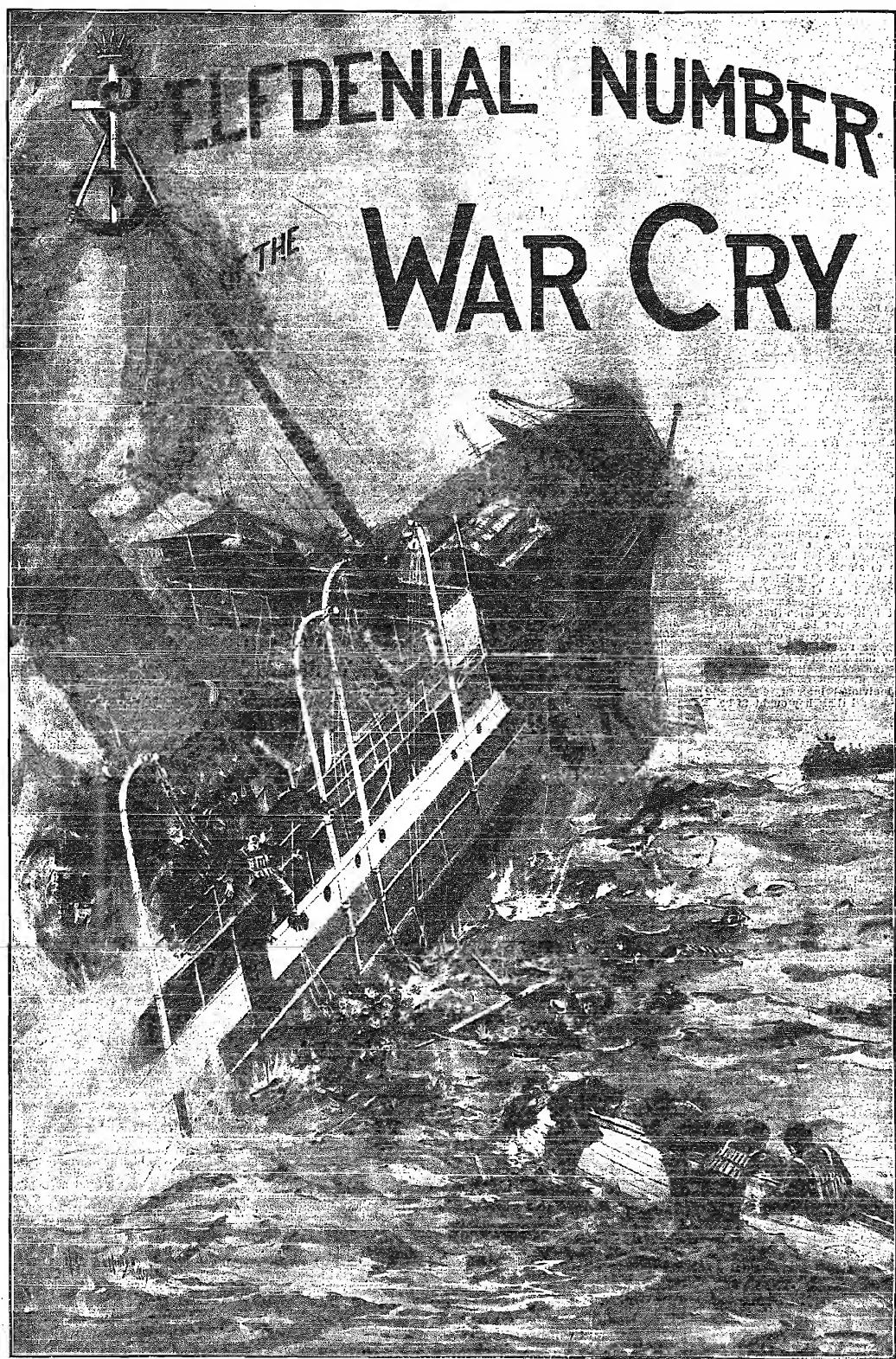
COL. OLLIER
Sunday, May 27.

COL. TURNER
Tuesday, May 22.
Wednesday, May
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Saturday, Sat. and Sun.,
26, 27.
Monday, May 28.
Tuesday, May 29.
Wednesday, May 30.
Thursday, May 31.

COL. AND MRS. STANTON
with the
BOAT CREW
will visit
Sunday, May 21.
Monday, May 22.
Tuesday, May 23.
Wednesday, May 24.
Thursday, May 25.
Friday, May 26.
Saturday, Sat. and Sun.,
27, 28.

COL. AND MRS. STANTON
Sunday, May 27.

COL. PAGE
Sunday, May 27.



WANTED!—MEN OF COURAGE TO HELP RESCUE THE PERISHING.



Terse Topics.

TO ECLIPSE THE CENTURY.

These notes will be read while the Salvationist atmosphere is heavy with the man's influences, plans, and toils of Self-Daniel. It is scarcely too much to say that this season may be looked upon as the centre of the Salvationist's year. Is not self-sacrifice the pivot upon which all reliable undertaking for the redemption of men must revolve? This was the dominating principle of the Christ-life. Self-abnegation characterized His every motive, work, and word, and this has been the indispensable accompaniment of all lasting service rendered by His servants to others in every age. The great event now in our midst is both important and far-reaching, in its nature and effects. It is at once an glorious opportunity and an object lesson to the world, and is offered to every heart akin to the purposes of Calvary, especially to every Salvationist, and the latter is declared to the whole world. It is an opportunity to prove our love to God and the lost. We often speak of it, our very uniform commits us to it, but here we have a chance to stamp our words and profession with an undeniable proof of reality. It is an object lesson to the world that aggressive Christianity is yet within it. A religion that demands a price may not be popular, but it compels confidence. For all these reasons we must and will make the most of Self-Feared Week. It is the last of the century—it ought to leave behind all previous records—it will do so if individual interest, effort, and denial are all that they ought to be.

A CHILD'S CRIME.

The bright sunshine of a Toronto spring morning was a sharp contrast to the slate of horror which ran through the city that day. A boy thirteen years of age, had, in a fit of passion shot his father through the heart—the father lay cold in death, the child was under arrest for the deed. Whether the actual crime was intentional or accidental is not for us to discover here. That a boy of such tender years should display such ungovernable lengths of passion as to point so deadly a weapon at his parent is a terrible instance of the depravity in a child's mind. Whether the deed was the outcome of an over-indulgent training or resulting from the treacherous excitement of unhealthy reading, the terrible incident brings us afresh face to face with the question of the child-soul salvation. It is possible for a child to go so far in the perpetration of evil as to curse a child, too, may experience the deliverance and power of conversion. While a crime of such grave nature can scar such tender years, which should be the prerogative of innocence and joy, it behoves every follower of Christ and lover of His Kingdom to take up on their hearts, include in their efforts, and mingle in their prayers the seeking, saving, and educating in and for righteousness of all child-hearts and minds.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"I press toward the mark."—Phil. iii. 14. "From strength to strength."—1 Thess. i. 11.

Now onward, ever onward, "from strength to strength" we go. While "grace for grace" abundantly shall from His fulness flow.

—J. S.

MONDAY.—"And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts."—Matt. ii. 11.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store: Take myself; and I will be Ever only, all for Thee!

—J. S.

TUESDAY.—"Then hast thou avenged the Lord this day to be thy God."—Deut. xxvi. 17.

O Son of God, who lovest me, I will be Thine alone; And all I am, and all I have, shall henceforth be Thine own.

—J. S.

WEDNESDAY.—"Ye are Christ's."—1 Cor. iii. 23.

Let Him teach thee what He will, In this day by day fulfil All His sweet and blessed will.

—J. S.

THURSDAY.—"Leaving us an example that we should follow His steps."—1. Peter ii. 21.

Arise! To follow in His track, His lovely ones to cheer, And on an upward path look back with every brightening year.

—J. S.

FRIDAY.—"Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death."—Phil. i. 20.

Just what Thou wilt! No choice for me.

Life is a gift to use for Thee, Death is a hushed and solemn trust, With Thee, my King, my Saviour—Christ.

Men and women generally are volunteering, it seems, for everything else but for Jesus, and His power to save, and keep, and sanctify in this life, and prepare them for the life to come. Jesus calls for volunteers to enlist under the Blood-stained Banner of the Cross. Our blessed Jesus can save every soul that will come to Him confessing and forsaking their sins. Jesus calls for volunteers, you strong and bold soldiers, who will be the means of doing much damage to the kingdom of Satan and rescuing souls from destruction. May God bless these new words. —Treas. Cashin, Halifax.

added my entreaties that he would yield to conviction and return to God. "Let me alone!" he cried. "I am going away!"

"I watched him leave the hall, determined to hold on to God for his soul. He went home, and got to bed, unable to sleep, he rose, lighted a fire and paced the room, once or twice handing a revolver which he kept in a drawer. Three times he lay down without being able to sleep.

"At length the morning came, and, uplifted by a power stronger than himself, he made his way to the quarters.

"His face was agonized, and, in reply to my glad welcome, he advanced towards me, crying in furious tones, "I have come to forbid you to pray for me. You are driving me to commit suicide!"

"Calling my Lieutenant, and taking hold of the backsider's coat to prevent his escape, I called upon God to cast out the devil from his soul. Then the Lieutenant prayed. We never ceased till he who was possessed fell upon his knees between me and cried to God to deliver him. At this the devil fled, and the restored backsider rose to his feet shouting, "Victory through the Blood!"

"I was glad I had persevered."

On Getting Excited.

On Easter Monday, which was the day of the Annual Divisional Review, in Nottingham, Eng., a bandsman of the Bulwell corps was crossing the street in an aristocratic part of the town during the ten interval, when he was accosted by a gentleman, who, probably impressed by the quantity of uniform to be seen in the streets, enquired of the Salvation Army was having a Field Day, and, receiving an affirmative, very interested into conversation about the Army.

He expressed himself as being in sympathy with our principles and aims and the work done. "But then, you know," said he, "some of your people get excited."

"Am," replied the bandsman, "I

What a Soldier Should Know

How Not to Dress.

Salvation soldiers should avoid everything in their dress, or the dress of their hair, or anything else, that looks like vanity, and which would make the impression that they were people to admire them. This is of the world, and, therefore, of the devil, and will destroy. If practiced, any good influence which might otherwise proceed from their exhortations or prayers, or any other efforts.

How to Dress.

At the same time they should endeavor to carry themselves as such an appearance as will bring credit to the Army; they should be clean, orderly and neat. As far as their employment will allow, they should have clean hands, face, teeth, and clothing. No one will think any better of the Army, or of the salvation they represent through their being unusually dirty or slovenly in appearance.

General Department.

This also applies to their walk. They should endeavor to carry themselves as upright and as soldier-like as possible. They must avoid anything of a larking, giggling, boisterous character in the ranks, meetings, or anywhere else. To be seen laughing and jesting has a very bad influence anywhere, or at any time, but especially will it be so in a service, indoors or out. They should avoid all unnecessary talking, especially on the platform, or during the progress of a service. They should not whisper, or pass notes, or look about while in meeting, or in progress. Their work is a very serious one, and they should be serious in the discharge of it.

Why We March.

Processioning has held a very important position in the Army from the very commencement. To turn out into the streets with a uniform on, or sign of Salvationism, and to follow the flag in the presence of the multitude, is in itself a proclamation of salvation, and a public assertion of the claims of Jehovah to the love and service of the people.

Advantages of Uniform on the Street.

The larger the number of soldiers who march, the more generally they are dressed in uniform, and the more orderly and soldier-like their marching, the more useful such procession is likely to be. Every soldier, therefore, can in this respect help to make the every-day marches of the Army more powerful for good and more honoring to God.

The Testimony Marching Tents.

To march in such a procession says to all around: "I believe in God and in His right to the service of every human being! I have myself accepted His offer of salvation." I am at the present moment in the enjoyment of it, and hereby proclaim the fact to all the people of this town and neighborhood, and invite everyone else to come and share in the blessings that I enjoy."

Self-

SOMETHING make a close honor occupied by the audience I remarked of the T Speaker's stately and commanding presence. Who can Black Prince him question. Turning to the said:—

"You are my true Earth." As he sprang before me with the task of saving the souls of men, "you," the Prince said, "you afeast of my love, I have no companion to have served me. By the Agency of God, Pleasure, and Amusement, and Vanity, the like, you have cast your souls into my lap, describe how you prove your faculties must do better still."

And then, turning to the right, he said, "I have chosen you to support my Servants and to defend them in their conflict, and to defeat the King of Heaven. I send you to turn them over to Baal, them all far as possible. I have already sent the King of Heaven specially seek to help the Devil."

At the mention of the name of the devil, every Friend present shrank from the very place. It seemed some time before to what was to come to myself and the Devil. Darkness still held new Agony in store, they could best tell.

Somebody's Child.

At home or away, in the alley or street, Whatever chance in this wide world to come, A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild, My heart aches softly: "It's some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are dead, But whose eyes all falter, or man all defiled, A voice whispers sadly: "It's some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she has strayed, No matter what inroad dishonour hath made.

That child had been followed on some quiet street, That child has been wept over, those lips have been pressed, That soul has been prayed for in times sweet and mild, For a word said gently with some mother's child.

SATURDAY.—"I am glorified in them!"—John xvii. 10.

Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness, that we

Whose swift, short hours of day so swiftly run,

Overflowed with love and light may be.

So bright in glory of the morning sun, That not our light, but Thine, the world may see.

New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED.

Africa has been the means of stirring up a tremendous lot of enthusiasm, patriotism, and war spirit among British subjects the world over. Canada alone sending dozens of her sons, who have volunteered to fight for their flag, and national honor.

In thinking over this I said, "My Lord, if people can manifest and practice such devotion for an earthly kingdom, in being willing to sacrifice good situations, etc., and their lives if need be, how much more ought we, who profess to be His followers, to be willing to sacrifice for Christ and His glorious kingdom?"

used to get excited myself, but I don't get nearly so excited as I used to do. Since Your grace."

"No," said the gentleman, "I suppose that in time you get more settled down and quiet, and take things much more reasonably."

"No," the bandsman continued, "I don't get so excited as I used to do. I used to get half-drunk, and get so excited that I scarcely knew what I was doing. After working hard all the week, I would spend my money in a way that was good neither for body nor soul. But I have left off doing that since I get saved, and although I don't get so excited as I formerly did, I am much more happy. I have a comfortable home, am ready to help the poor, and give a little to the collection as well."

The gentleman at once saw in him, enjoyed the humor of it, and went his way with good wishes for the bandsman and the Army.—H. P. S.

"The Kingdom of Heaven Suffereth Violence."

A Field Officer writes: "Some time ago I watched a poor backsider struggling with his good angel, then

treaties that he would return to God, he cried. "I am him leave the hall, went home and got to bed, I rose, lit a room, once or twice waver which he kept in three times, he lay down, able to sleep, the morning came, and, a power stronger than made his way to the qu-

was agonized, and, in regard welcome, he advanced crying in furious tones to forbid you to pray for driving me to commit

Lieutenant, and taking backsliders' coat to pray, I called upon God to evil from his soul. Then who was possessed fell between us and cried "Victory, Victory, I had persevered."

adier Should Know

soldiers should avoid their dress, or the doing of anything else, that unity, and which would press on that they want them. This is of the therefore, of the devil, try, if practiced, any which might otherwise their exhortations or by other efforts.

the time that they should entirely themselves, and make themselves as will bring credit, they should be clean, eat. As far as they can allow, they should be care, teeth, and clothing, link any better of the salvation they reach their being unceas- slowly in appearance.

ties to their walk. They to carry themselves as a soldier-like as possible, avoid anything of a far- bolsters character in meetings, or anywhere they laughing and jesting and, influence anywhere, but, especially will it service, indoors or out, avoid all unnecessary liability on the platform, or loss of a service. They keep, or pass notes, or file a meeting is in progress, it is a very serious should be serious in of it.

has held a very important in the Army from the moment. To turn out into a uniform on, or sign on, and to follow the cause of the ungodly, is glorification of salvation, glorification of the claims of love and service of the

Uniform on the Street.

the number of soldiers more generally they uniform, and the more soldier-like their march- used such a uniform.

Every soldier, there- respect help to make marches of the Army for good and more and.

marching Tells.

such a procession says I believe in God and in the service of every human have myself accepted salvation! I am at the in the enjoyment of proclaim the fact to all its town and neighborhood everyone else to come the blessings that I can

Self-Denial Work in Hell.

ANOTHER VISION.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER IV.

Satan's Views of the Army Self-Denial.

"These Spirits from Heaven," Satan continued, with the utmost scorn, "will strive to urge these mad fanatics to seek the possession of that which dare not say the Holy Ghost that made the Apostles so mighty, the Martyrs so brave, the departed Saints so holy, and that still carried all before it; but you must whisper in their ears that such Victory and Power, and Efficiency are impossible in these latter times—at least, impossible to such humble people as they are.

"These Heavenly Spirits will urge the Salvationists to leave Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters, Social and other human Joys; to wander about as Strangers and Pilgrims among men, in order to win them to God and Holiness and Heaven; but you must haunt them in the night season with pictures of what they will have to suffer, and tempt them with Wives, and Husbands, and Siblings, and Money, and Respectability and the thoughts of Home and Children, and all the joys of Comfortable Life.

"These Heavenly Spirits will try and persuade Parents to train their Children to become Apostles, and Martyrs, and Sufferers, and Warriors for Christ; but you must follow such Parents about with suggestions as to what their Children must do all to them in the way of Service, Commitment, and Comfort in their labours, and Business, and in their Old Age.

"These Heavenly Spirits will, by inspiring thoughts of Heaven's joys and Hell's miseries, and by the Great Sacrifice made for them two thousand years ago, (I noticed that he dare not so much as mention the name of Christ) seek to inflame these mad, infatuated people with a Burning, Fiery Enthusiasm for the Cause to which they have consecrated their lives. Now, this will be very dangerous, so that where there is any likelihood of this Fire taking any serious hold of souls, you must do all that in you lies to quench it. You can use

Prosperity, or Adversity, or Vanity, or Companionship of the Half-Saved people round about, and if all these fail you can try to divert their energies from the great object for which they profess to live,

BY SOME RELIGIOUS FAD OR OTHER.

You must be desperate, and do anything to gain their attention from these terrible themes, and to gain the ear of such Mad, Fiery People.

"Then these Heavenly Spirits, having good, sound sense, which I must admit, will urge these Rabid Salvationists to give their Goods and Money and to deny themselves of Luxuries, and even the necessities of life, in order to furnish funds to carry on their War. Such notions, I need not say, you must oppose tooth and nail, and by lies, and misrepresentations and appeals to the weaknesses and selfishnesses of human nature, see that

"Nobody knows better than we do that War cannot be carried on in your World, or in any other nation Money, and a good deal of it too. If anything is to be done worth doing; and one of my hopes respecting these people is that they will, sooner or later, stick fast for want of means. Now, whenever and wherever these Angel-Spirits suggest to these Salvatorian People that they must give and sacrifice for the love of their Master, and the maintenance of His work, you must hurry me to meet the rising feeling by reminding them of the duty of taking care of themselves and their families, providing for the future, of the possibilities of sickness, of the provision needed for old age, and if you can only shut up their hearts, and stop the wild, generous spirit that likes possession of them especially on Self-Denial Week, which is just coming on, the 11th, the 12th, the 13th, the 14th, the 15th, the 16th, the 17th, the 18th, the 19th, the 20th, the 21st, the 22nd, the 23rd, the 24th, the 25th, the 26th, the 27th, the 28th, the 29th, the 30th, the 31st, the 1st, the 2nd, the 3rd, the 4th, the 5th, the 6th, the 7th, the 8th, the 9th, the 10th, the 11th, the 12th, the 13th, the 14th, the 15th, the 16th, the 17th, the 18th, the 19th, the 20th, the 21st, the 22nd, the 23rd, the 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He also stated that he had never heard the truth given in such a convincing manner, and felt that it must produce considerable conviction.

Miss Booth afterwards gave a little impromptu talk on some of the various phases of Army warfare illustrating the same very ably by stating that she had observed in a gold mine in Rossland that "treasures had to be dug for, and sought in the dark." So the Army went down—down into the darkness—and so found treasures that shall abide in the Kingdom to come.

Rev. Dr. Sparling, of Wesley College, afterwards spoke. He was always delighted to hear Miss Booth, and regretted being out of the city the previous day. He considered that the combined qualities of father and mother were apparent in the daughter—Miss Booth. After expressing his recognition of the need and success of the Army work, the Doctor closed with prayer and the benediction.

A very happy social hour so followed. Several prominent ladies, not at all conversant with the Army, expressed the pleasure the evening had proved to them, and all look forward to a similar gathering on the Commissioner's next visit. Thus closed a wonderfully-successful campaign, successful from any standpoint considered.

BRANDON.

It was feared that the great sand-storm, which raged all day, would affect the meeting. However, the large Opera House was packed by a splendid audience—both intelligent and receptive. The Commissioner's singing, and harp accompaniment, was immensely enjoyed.

"Miss Booth in Bagg's" has been so often commented upon—though in my opinion, judgment, to one can adequately report this masterpiece of addresses with all its lights and shadows that I refrain from attempting to do so. It is said that "one touch of nature makes all the world kin." If I were asked why this great address is so powerful, I should say, because it is a rebirth of human nature. Even that fact demands the touch of an expert, of the lights and shades of the "Spanish" and "Portuguese," and all the other signs which make all the difference in the piece rendered would be lost sight of. It is needless to state that there was no oversight of that on the Commissioner's part.

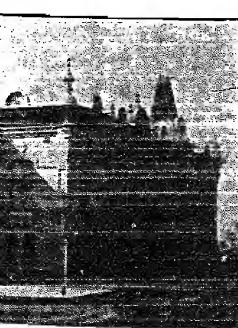
The arrangements were splendid. The audience was delighted, and Brandon will benefit much from the Commissioner's visit.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

We have to employ superlatives in each case, so that I am nearly run out, and will have no appeal to the Editorial Staff to come to the rescue if I do not soon finish.

Arrangements here, too, were splendid. Another packed house—most of whom as at Brandon, had paid 25c. admission. The Commissioner's presence was the signal for hearty and prolonged applause. Her singing, and harp accompaniment, was a decided treat, and the singing of White and Pearl was also much appreciated. The dress being the same as at Brandon, what has been said concerning that photo will apply here.

This concluded a splendidly-successful tour. Finances were excellent, a total magnificence, interest beautiful. The Commissioner's addresses were sublime. Everybody was delighted, except the devil, and he got none in the neck."



ONE OF THE WAYS IN WHICH THE COMMISSIONER'S MEETINGS WERE ADVERTISED BY MAJOR SOUTHLAND.



THE WAR CRY.

THE HOLOCAUST IN THE IMPERIAL CITY.

MRS. ENSIGN PAYNE'S STORY.

"If I had not seen so much and felt so much of the terror which has swept over Ottawa, I should be better able to tell you about it," said Mrs. Payne.

The sweet-faced Matron of the Ottawa Rescue Home (now in ashes) looked very fragile. The nervous shock of the past few days would have prostrated many women, and, indeed, the one sitting in our office at the moment could scarcely speak of the terrible experience through which she had passed, without a shudder; yet her one thought was for her household charge, and her attention wandered from our interview to the time of the first train back, if the scene of the conflagration were some entrancing spot or pleasure. But after all, is there anything more fascinating to the heart of a true Salvationist than the opportunity to serve others, no matter whether that opportunity be surrounded by circumstances rough or smooth? But a true to moralizing.

"When did you first hear of the fire?"

"Or rather, see it," said Mrs. Payne, "for though the city must have been full of the theme no rumor reached us. We were sitting at dinner about half past twelve. It was a specially nice dinner that day—not that we did not live well every day—(his matronly after-thought still anxious for the credit of her Home) and officers and girls were doing good justice to it. All at once I noticed that a red glow filled the room. I exclaimed aloud, 'It cannot be sunset, it must be fire,' and, hurrying to the window, saw the sky clouded by heavy smoke. One of the officers ran out into the garden, and came back with the news that a large fire was raging in Hull, and seemed to be spreading. But the water separated us from Hull, and none of them thought of danger. Not so with me.

I Remembered the Fearful Blaze

which had destroyed so much of St. John's, Newfoundland, my childhood's home, and how my mother had told me—I only returned from a trip with my father to find the charred remains—of the terrible speed with which the flames had spread. Even thus early I told the officers and girls what to do in case our Home was attacked, and that as soon as dinner was over they must put on their best clothes and be ready to carry the children out if necessary. I could see that it required all their respect to keep from laughing at my fears, and that they all attributed it to undue nervousness on my part."

"But their amusement was short-lived."

"Scarcely more than a quarter of an hour after my worst fears were realized. The flames crossed the bridge and were soon sweeping up through the city. It was a field day for fire, so far as the weather was concerned. The driving wind hurled the dust into

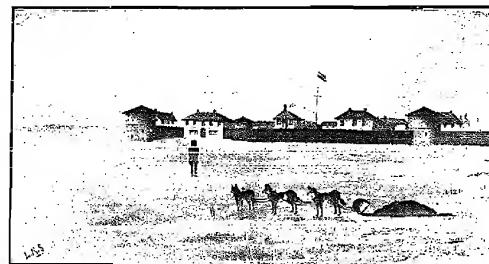
perfect hurricanes all around, the very stones of the streets seemed loosened. With such a help behind them the flames might work almost any havoc. Yet still my household was not wholly alarmed. I went up to the attic and found one of the Lieutenants there sitting sewing at the window, watching the grand, awful sight of the angry fire. I told her she ought not to be there and hurried down. On the stairs I almost knocked over a breathless officer, hurrying up with the news that our barn was alight. Then all was hurry and excitement; the

land which I specially prized. Capt. Shannon—she is lame and the effort cost her much—went back into the flames to fetch it for me."

From this bit of patios Mrs. Payne went on to describe the hair-breadth rescue of the Home cow, over whom the tender heart of the above-named Captain was much concerned. The bovine quadruped escaped with a streak of hair, but the ungratefulness to her heroic savior, the confusion and his not being heard of since.

But we must not leave the Home family on the lawn. "No secure place," Mrs. Payne told us, "for the trees were catching fire, and threatened to enclose us in a belt of flame. A kindly Catholic Priest offered to take the girls.

For temporary shelter to the Convent, but I remained until the house



The Original Fort Garry, the Beginning of Winnipeg.

girls were fearfully scared, but carried out the directions had given them to the letter, and in a few seconds had all the children out on the lawn.

I Had One Sleek in the House

at the time. You can imagine my feelings as I telephoned for the ambulance, which, as by a miracle, arrived and took the patient to the hospital, fortunately untouched by the flames, in another part of the city."

"What did you save?" Mrs. Payne's face was wretched. "What we could—which was not much. Eight or ten young men came to our assistance, and threw the furniture, trunks, and clothes from the windows on the lawn, but, as I have yet to tell, that proved to be no safe place. Between the firing of the barn and the catching of the house there was only a few minutes, and soon the flames sent us all from the house. In one arm I hugged a bread-box (the only money-chest I had in the time). It contained the gold and silver, my pillow belonging to the Home, and one or two of my little Alec's Trots. Needless to say, my other arm was round my boy, who was terrified at the fire, and screaming for a train to take him away to "Pappa Becky" (his name for Adj't Beckstrand). I was thus loaded during the whole escape."

"One terrible incident of that terrible moment touched me much—it is one that I can never forget. On the table of the sitting-room there was a photograph of my now glorified hus-

band which I specially prized. Capt. Shannon—she is lame and the effort cost her much—went back into the flames to fetch it for me."

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For temporary shelter to the Convent, but I remained until the house

Fort Garry, with later improvements. Only a gateway is now standing.

was one seething mass of flame, which even searched the gravel walk and sweeping up to the bundles on the lawn, soon destroyed them. In fact," Mrs. Payne smoothed down her neat uniform, "this is the only dress I possess in the world. Then we left to burn—the dear place which had looked so nice after its spring cleaning and fresh paint—left it to burn, and joined the crowd of terrified refugees in the streets. I cannot describe to you what that scene was like—men shouting, women screaming, children crying, mothers walking for their lost children, and others calling out for missing parents; you can imagine, most of them scarcely knowing where, carrying what they could of their household stuff, often to drop it down a little further on, in the one wild race for life, leaving their homes and possessions in one big blaze behind them. When I reached the barracks, I found one girl already there, for the nearer refuge of the Convent had fallen a prey to the flames. Two of the girls and four of the children had, however, got lost on the way, and all night we were either searching or watching for them. In the worn God brought them home, the four babies by the hand of some Good Samaritan, who had tucked them into a big clothes basket.

"We have put up in the old barracks, in the barracks. Some kind friend sent some straw, and another kind friend a pillow—we were glad of it, though it was not one among so many blue girls, fifteen children, and four officers. However, we now have some bedsteads, and are as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We feel that, despite the loss and terror, God has been very good, so tenderly to have preserved us."

of whom sleep there and receive their food daily.

Also the rooms above, known as the Training Garrison, has been opened for the officers, girls, and children of the Rescue Home—fifteen children, nine girls and four officers.

The basement is used as a storage for those who saved a little of their furniture, and are boarding or sheltered in some private home until they can get houses to let—which are very scarce, or the rent too high for them to pay.

Comrades, although losing all their earthly goods, can and do praise God, their Heavenly Father, for His sparing mercy, and their trust in Him is more firm than ever.—Cap'l. Wilson.

BE STRONG.

Be strong! We are not here to shun, to drift,

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift,

Sure not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong! Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?

And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!

Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name,

Be strong! It matters not how deep entrenched the strong, How hard the battle goes, the day how long; Fight not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—M. D. Babcock, in *S. S. Times*.



"He Counted Not His Life too Dear."

***** A TALE OF THE SEA. *****

A STORMY night on the Southern Coast at the close of an autumn day—
A night of tempest, and fear, and death, to mariners bound that way;
For many a ship in sight of home was wrecked where no help could be,
And many a stout heart failed and fell, borne down by the raging sea.

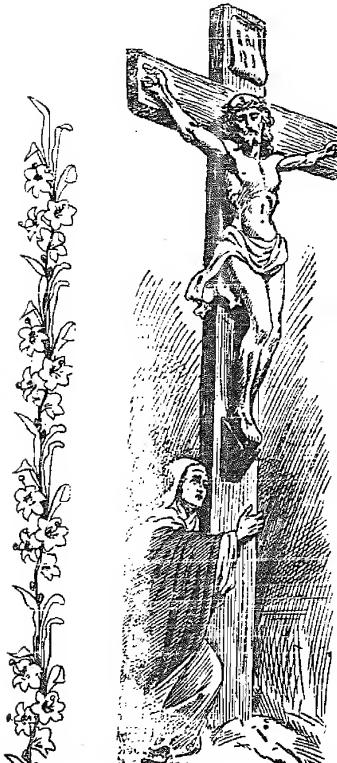
The giant billows, capped high with foam, drove fiercely toward the shore,
And dashed themselves on the white chalk cliffs, with long and deafening roar;
And over the waste the wild winds moaned, and heavily, now and again,
From every quarter upsurged at once, came torrents of driving rain.

In a lonely valley among the rocks, a league from the sea
A struggling hamlet of fisher-folk through many a year had
grown;
Their quaint thatched houses were bare without as the sheltering hills above.
But within they were bright with homely cheer, and fur-
nished and lined with love.

To-night, as the storm grew loud o'erhead, the breakers
were fierce below.
In anxious watching the men-folk there passed restlessly to
and fro;
And many a mother looked out and prayed for those away
on the loan,
Though the boats of the village were high and dry, and the
lads were all at home.

But only the little ones slept that night through all the
terrible gale.
For when, at midnight, its strength and force were just be-
ginning to fail,
There came through the darkness a sound more dread than
all that had gone before—
The signal-guns of a ship in distress away on the further
shore!

And soon the tramping of feet was heard in the byways
steep and bare,
And flickering lights on the beach revealed the villagers
gathering there;
All eager to help, yet holding back, by wind and by wave
dismayed.
The fishermen standing in groups apart, while the women
wept and prayed.



But suddenly forth a young man strode to the strip of sand between—
As brave a man in his guiney blue, as ever that shore had seen.
"I'm going out to the rescue, mates!" he cried, with unfaltering breath;
"Who'll bear a hand in the boat with me? We'll surely save some from dead."

"I will, Jack Lawrence!" "And I!" "And I!" the answering voices came—
For the bold rescue of the youth had set their laggard courage aglow—
And specially stalwart hands had dragged his boat to the waterside,
While others muttered, and called them mad, as they looked on the raging sea.

But now the light from their lanterns shone on a pale and unguished face,
As out from the further group there came, with swift yet tottering pace,
A woman, who fell at the leader's feet, and soothed, in a voice of woe,
"Oh, John, my boy, it cannot be—you must not, shall not go!"

The shawl slipped from her silvery hair, as she clung to his feet with tears,
The sorrowful face upturned to his was older with griefs and years:
"You're all I've had in the world," she moaned, since your father was laid to rest;
Remember Hugh—your brother Hugh—who went sailing out to the West.

You mind him, neighbors?—how good he was—so handsome, and brave, and strong—
Amongst the men on the ship that day he stood the finest of all;
But the vessel bounded far out at sea, they told us the papers said,
And we shall look in his face no more till the sea gives up its dead.



And now, while cheers rang out on shore as launch was given,
And the venturesome boat on her way as the surf was driven.
"Be good to her, comrades!" went the break of day.
"Please God all's well, we'll be home again."

And now my John—my only one—is dead.
Oh, say to him, friends—he may heed you—
Deceived of my children I am bereaved; oh, we
With never a chance to know his fate, oh, we

In troubled silence the people stood, while the
The far-off signal from Danger Reef came poor.
And all eyes turned on the hero lad, as he ran.
And kissed her gently and held her fast in his arms.

"I must go, mother," he bravely said, though
And through the rush and roar of the storm.
"So many lads are in straits out there, we must go.
And if I die for their sake to-night, the Lord

Her fainting courage revived at the word, a
She measured the anguish of other hearts for
Her tremulous hands unclasped at length—
And turning bravely, she whispered, "Go, my boy."

And now, while cheers rang out on the shore,
And the venturesome boat on her way as the surf was driven.
"Be good to her, comrades!" went the break of day.
"Please God all's well, we'll be home again."

then a young man strode to the strip of sand between—
His jersey blue, as ever that shore had seen—
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vine!" "And I!" "And I!" the answering voices came—
the youth had set their laggard courage alight—
wave hands had dragged his boat to the waterside—
tired, and called them mad, as they looked on the raging tide.

from their lanterns shone on a pale and unquenched face,
another group there came, with swift yet tottering pace,
at the leader's feet, and sobbed, in a voice of woe,
"You, it cannot be—you must not, shall not go!"

from her silvery hair, as she clung to his feet with tears,
"I am turned to his wife with griefs and years;
and in the world," she moaned, since your father was laid to
—your brother Hugh—who went sailing out to the West.

neighbors?—how good he was—so handsome, and brave, and
on the ship that day he stood the finest of all;
called for out at sea, they told us the papers said,
in his face no more till the sea gives up its dead.

And now my John—my only one—is daring a watery grave;
Oh, say to him, friends—he may heed you—that this is no night to save
 Bereaved of my children I am bereaved; and, lost on this surging sea,
With never a chance to know his fate, oh, what will become of me!"

In troubled silence the people stood, while urgently once again
The far-off signal from Danger Reef came pealing o'er the main;
And all eyes turned on the hero lad, as he raised her up from the strand,
And kissed her gently and held her fast in his strong encircling hand,

"I must go, mother," he bravely said, though his heart to its depths was stirred—
And through the rush and roar of the storm the break in his voice she heard—
"So many lads are in straits out there, we must try to bring them through;
And if I die for their sake to-night, the Lord will take care of you!"

Her fainting courage revived at the word, and, as by the grief of her own,
She measured the anguish of other hearts for those in the wreck o'erthrown.
Her tremulous hands clasped at length—the conflict of love was won—
And turning bravely, she whispered, "Go, and God prosper thy way, my son!"

And now, while cheers rang out on the wind, the order to launch was given,
And the venturous boat on the voyage of hope far out on the surf was driven.
"Be good to her, comrades!" were John's last words, as they broke from the shore
"Please God all's well, we'll be home again before the break of day." [away,

But though the tempest had somewhat lulled, their progress was hard and slow—
Now tossed far up on the threatening wave, now drenched in the gulf below;
And still through the hiss of the blinding spray, torn off from the crests of foam,
They could hear the people, and see beyond the glimmering lights of home.

The night wore slowly; some friendly hands, when the stress of the storm had gone,
Lit up great fires on the hill above, that far through the darkness shone;
And some in the coastguard's hut, hard by, the mother's sad fears beguiled,
While she prayed, as only a mother can pray, that God would protect her child.

But when the first red flush of dawn was spreading over the deep,
And the billows in many a creak and cove were sobbing themselves to sleep,
A speck was seen on the sunrise track that stretched to the headland bare;
And the cry rose swiftly, "A boat! A boat! Jack Lawrence's boat is there!"

And larger and nearer the vision came, till a rousing challenge passed;
"John Lawrence ahoy! Have you got 'em, lad? Are you bringing 'em safe at last?"
Like those who listen for life or death, in silence the watchers stood—
But never an answering word or sign came over the shining flood.

Once more the challenge—"John Lawrence ahoy! Have you got 'em, comrade? Say!"
And this time faintly there came a cheer and the boatman's quick "Ay, ay,
We've got 'em!" And then a ringing call thrilled all the listeners through:
"Five saved! And, oh, tell mother, too, that one of 'em's brother Hugh!"

A shout went up from the lonely cove that startled the deep
again;
'Mid happy laughter, and smiles of joy, and tears like an
April rain,
The mother, half-dazed with rapture, breathed to the kindly
hearts around,
"My son that was dead is alive again, and he that was lost
is found!"

There was joy like that which the angels know in their
humble home that day,
For Hugh was saved, and, glad to yield, had promised with
him to stand
While John, whose love for the souls of men no fear of death
would appal,
In love, and blessing, and joy of heart, had payment enough
for all.

Oh, brothers and sisters shielded safe from tempest, and
care and strife,
There are lost ones perishing hour by hour on the Danger
Reefs of life;
And, seeking to save the dear ones, mourned by hearts to us
unknown.
We shall find, it may be when Morning breaks, we have
loved and saved our own.

And, oh, the joy on the Other Side, when fear and storm
shall be o'er—
When, borne on the sunriscetrack of death, we reach the
eternal shore—
We shall smile, when at home in the Father's House, on the
sorrows and dangers past,
And the sweet "Well done!" of the King shall make our
Heaven of heavens at last.



And now, while cheers rang out on the surf was driven,
And the venturous boat on her way, as they broke from the shore away.
"Be good to her, comrades!" said he, as the break of day.
"Please God all's well, we'll be home again before the break of day."



IN THE LAND OF THE LILIES.

By MAJOR PICKERING.



I have just completed a fortnight's tour amongst the beautiful islands of Bermuda.

How refreshing it seemed to be about again, after so many weeks' of sterility, and enforced idleness. The fact that we were laying another chance to fight the devil seemed to act like a tonic, and put new strength into one poor, weak bones; saving to a proper Salvationist is a great luxury.

Great Friday morning dawned; the sun rose in a cloudless sky of azurine hue. The good ship *Trinidad* came swiftly and gracefully through the sky-blue waters that roll round these beautiful islands. Soon the shore comes in sight, and we begin to sweep round the coast to the harbor of Hamilton. All is bustle and activity on board; steersmen rushing here and there, assisting the passengers to gather together their baggage, etc., punctuated by exclamations of delight from the happy passengers, as we swept by the gorgeous scenes of God's creation. What a great picture is this human nature, so entranced with the "ever-new," yet so forgetful of the great "Creator."

How beautiful it all appeared, but our contemplations were broken by the loved and familiar strains of band music. Over the waters came the sweet refrain, "Welcome home, welcome home." Soon the crowds of happy Salvationists, playing, shouting, and singing their welcomes, came in sight, and became the centre of interest. The aristocratic brewer, and the blue-blooded (retiring) green-grocer turned up their noses, but the majority smiled and gave appreciative nods of recognition. Even the busy steersmen stopped to come and have a look.

"We're coming to the barracks to-night, sir," said several; "we like the Army!"

"Hallelujah!" was the reply. "Nothing like it!"

Ayo, What a Glorious Concern is this Salvation Army!

No stiffness nor formality; what did it matter that we had never seen each other before? We loved and fought under the same Flag, and that was enough. They gave us a brilliant welcome. Adjt. Miller was the first to greet us, and then a forest of hands were stretched out in welcome.

"I remember you when you were in Nottingham years ago," said one stalwart wearer of khaki. "I was a little kid then, but I'm in the good old Army now, as well as in the Queen's service. Hallelujah!"

The band struck up again and off we go, followed by a huge crowd of all kinds of people. The proposal was made to speak from the verandah, but the crowd surged into the barracks, so the formal reception was held there. An address of welcome was read, and replied to, then we adjourned for a little refreshment. The barracks was beautifully decorated for the welcome, each branch of the corps having a portion of the building.

At night came a great welcome meeting. Rev. Mr. Burrows of the Presbyterian Church, presided, and made a rattling speech. He said he was almost a Salvationist, and we offered to swear him in under the Flag right away. The bat was gorged with people. There were sixteen men on the platform, some of whom by Stevens, Junior, Naval and Military League, also speeches by the officers, Lewis, and Mr. Motter, on behalf of the friends. We finished up with a song of victory over sinners coming to Jesus.

The week-end at Hamilton was grand.

Over Seventy Came to Knee-Drill

and we had magnificent crowds and collections, but, best of all, a number of souls at the Mercy Seat.

Monday we had a united "Field Day" with Band Festivals, Junior and Naval and Military Demonstrations;

then at night in the barracks a huge crowd paid 12 cents to come and hear the lecture on "Nine Years in Modern Babylon." Rev. W. Surehardt (Methodist) presided. Rev. Dr. Burrows and other friends were present. For over two hours they listened, with close attention, alternately bubbling over with excitement at the humorous side, and then weeping at the realistic side of the world's woes and sorrows, and again making the place ring with applause at the accomplishments of the great General's great Scheme.

Warwick was the next place visited, and a rousing meeting was held. A number of the Hamilton people, with the band, came over to assist.

Southampton.—"Where is it?" the stranger asks as he is driven over the roads which are dotted with a number of struggling houses. This, surely, is not large enough for an Army corps? But it is! The afternoon was spent in a "Drawing-Room Meeting" at the residence of G. M. Miller, Esq., where a select gathering listened to the worldwide operations of the Salvation Army.

At night a good crowd of people thronged the Methodist Church. The Rev. Mr. Townsend presided. "Nine Years in Modern Babylon" held the people for two hours. Everybody expressed themselves delighted, and one lady of independent means announced her intention at the close of being enrolled as a soldier of the S. A. She is most enthusiastic about the Army, and is a good help to Capt. Cowan, who has a good hold. The soldiers are a fine lot, the best singers I have heard for a long time. We have had also an up-to-date Junior and B. of L. corps; their drilling was grand. I must not forget to mention the lovely decorations of the whole place was a

A Mass of Green and Gold.

with welcome mottoes. This was the work of Bombardier Lewis, of the Fort, a Leaguer who also decorated the Somerset barracks in a similar way.

Somerset came next. The officers, Capt. Gondwain and Leut. Young, with their soldiers, made every preparation for a good time, and they were not disappointed. The barracks was crowded, and all appeared to enjoy the vary description of the Social operations. An ice cream social followed, to which nearly everyone stayed. There is a good future before Somerset, and Capt. Gondwain's stay will be a great triumph if she takes advantage of the opportunity.

Early Saturday morning we drove back to Hamilton and spent a few hours at correspondence and business. Two o'clock found us again on the wharf, this time for St. George's, where we are to do the week-end. We visited en route the "Devil's Hole" and the famous grotto, one of the wonders of the Islands. Centuries of dripping waters have formed the remarkable and curiously-shaped stalactites. St. George's is a small town at last, and profound. Capt. Bradbury and Bell had it arranged for the week-end campaign. After a refreshing cup of tea, we sally forth to the strains of the band through the streets and lanes of this ancient "city" once the capital of the Islands. Near the market-place stands an old tree, famous, so we were informed, as the spot on which hundreds of poor slaves were duly sold. The S. A. is loved, and we had a grand time, with a poor drummer seeking portion. Adjt. Miller, the D. O., and Bandmaster Sollars, from Hamilton, rendered splendid service during the day.

Monday, another "Field Day" at St. David's Island, with a program like the previous Monday. A very enjoyable day was spent. During the afternoon we visited the lighthouse, and were conducted with great courtesy over the fine structure by the keeper, who afterwards asked for our autograph as a memento of the officers' visit. At night in the barracks at St. George's, a large crowd listened with delight to "Nine Years in Modern

Babylon." The whole week-end was a great success. The converts of Saturday and Sunday were on Monday night. Only one thing marred the day's enjoyment: on our arrival home from the Field Day, Bell received a message saying that his father had passed away. Pray for the Captain and the bereaved friends. The Captain is a good, loyal Salvationist.

Tuesday found us at Hamilton again. All the officers of the District were present for council. A rich session of blessing was spent, every officer pledging himself to renewed devotion to the Flag, and the salvation of souls. Wednesday night we had a farewell tea of officers, soldiers and auxiliaries, followed by a goodbye meeting. A splendid crowd assembled in spite of the wet, to say good-bye. We also welcomed Adjt. Bradbury. We also welcomed Adjt. Bradbury. The pioneer officer, who had come to recuperate. A soldier, having fallen, at which the S. A. officer was mentioned. The officers took it up with their usual enthusiasm. They will get their hats off.

We were also pleased to meet that old veteran-warrior, Mrs. Tatton, met Adjt. Matthews. Bermuda is not large enough for an Army corps? But it is! The afternoon was spent under the leadership of Adjt. and Mrs. Miller, and their officers. The Adjutant and his dear wife were the essence of brotherly and sisterly kindness.

Thursday came only too soon, and at noon we saluted amidst cries of "Come back again soon, and be sure and bring the misses." The shore faded from sight, but the strains of the band tins, "God be with you till we meet again," and "Should a maid acquaintance be forgot," came over the waters for some time after. Farewell, beautiful island! You have a warm place in our heart. We hope to meet again soon.

Finally, as well as spiritually, it was a great success, \$200 offerings. Our beloved Commissioneer's letter was much appreciated by all her Bermuda troops, and they, with one voice, sent a message of love. "Oh, if she would only come and see us," they said, "we wouldn't wait to welcome her?"

Keep believing, my beloved comrades, and the Commissioneer will —

Lights o' London.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

The day of our May counsels had scarcely ceased before our worthy P. O. and the writer boarded the cars for a trip through the Petrolia District.

The week-end was spent at the centre. It was the S.A.'s Captain's privilege to introduce the Major to the Petrolia comrades and friends, and we were delighted with the specimens we saw. The day arrived their leave, and so began the meeting with one sister at the penthouse form.

The Sunday's meetings were accomplished thus. Eight seafarers came forward in the morning meeting, and we believe the effects of that gathering will be seen and felt in this corps in the days to come. We had a few words of counsel and greeting with the soldiers in the afternoon, and are sure that our efforts served to deepen the interest of the Flag.

At night the Spirit gave the Major great liberty, and though no one yielded, we dare not say that the seed was not sown. Many lingered long in the prayer meeting, and we closed out the best day's fight with a sense of disappointment at no visible results.

Bro. and Sister Downer, with their usual hospitality, entertained, and invited upon the visitors all the kindness and sympathy they possibly could. The Lord will reward them.

We would like to have said Mrs. Blackham in better health. We believe God will help her, and give her back her wasted strength. Of course the Adjutant did not omit to extol the virtues and graces of his son and heir Whitwell Samuel Windsor.

The next day we were down for Sarnia. The Major took the train to this place while the writer committed himself to the tender mercies of the Adjutant, who undertook to wheel a distance of 18 miles. A stiff head wind faced us, but we got there without any incidents common to the knights of the wheel.

Wanted: A Barracks

Sarnia is suffering for want of proper barracks accommodation, and we

hope in the near future something will be done to remedy this weakness. The Major will have a good try, anyway.

Capt. Fyfe met us with her usual smile. We had a fine open-air—succeeded in securing an opposition open-air "Phonograph Concert"—and held one crowd to the end. Two souls were rewarded for the faithful deliverance of the truth, which God enabled the Major to deal out. We believe there is a great future ahead of this corps.

The Major hauled the cars for Forest, while young Hughie servant once more handed himself over to the guidance of our worthy P. O., to wheel 30 miles to his next appointment. We could chronicle a few details. In this connection, which would be perfectly lawful, but not altogether expedient, therefore we refrain. We enjoyed our visit to Forest very much, and God helped us to land a poor buckshot, who had been on the verge of the Kingdom for some time. We were delighted with Rev. Dr. Waddington (Methodist Minister) an old and tried friend of the Army. We received quite an inspiration from this veteran saint, who has seen over forty years' service in the cause of the Master, and left his presence with a greater determination to spend and be spent for the salvation of the lost.

Therford received us gladly the next day, and in spite of a thunder storm which broke over the town just at meeting-time, we had a fair crowd, Capt. Copeman is full of schemes and plans for the future.

We got back to London next morning, and after a few hours in the office, hauled the cars for Ingersoll. Here we spent a delightful time with friends and soldiers, and greatly encouraged. We relished over the spirit of determination of the comrades to go ahead. The walter lambs he was unable to take a snapshot of the Major and Auntie Wright doing a dance together. It is nevertheless a fact.

We are thankful that God is won to us by sustaining our leader, and we are going in more than ever to keep the W. O. P. to the front of the procession.

Side-Lights.

The recent change of officers may interest War Cry readers: Ensign Stale to Leamington, Capt. Coy to Leamington, Capt. Hamilton to Essex Capt. Freeman to Berlin, Capt. McCutcheon to Guelph, Capt. Howcroft to Stratford, Capt. White to Blenheim, Capt. Wiseman to Lestwold; Capt. Keefer has been promoted to command of Guelph, and has had to go on rest.

ONE SERVANT GIRL'S SELF-DENIAL.

A Boston lawyer, who has for forty years been eminent in his profession, and no less eminent in Christian work and in princely gifts to the cause of education, tells this story of what fixes the course of his life.

When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at that meeting, a plain man, said he had a girl in his domestic service, at a wage of less than two dollars a week, who gave a dollar every month to missions. She also had a class of poor boys in Sunday School who never missed her from her place, and he said of her, "She is the happiest, kindest, and dearest girl I ever had in my kitchen."

The young man went home with these three broken sentences sticking in his mind, "Class in Sabbath School" — "Dollar a month for missions" — "Happiest girl."

The first result was that he took a class in Sabbath School, the second was a resolve that if this girl could give a dollar a month to missions, he would do the same. This was the beginning of the great life of one plain girl's consecrated life.

But, you can count, who can imagine the sum total? That lawyer was for almost half a century, from this time, an increasingly active force in every good work within his reach.

—S. C.

He who would open other eyes to the divine revelations must first see and appreciate their glory. We can communicate only what we have received.

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OMEREE.—Last
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in the near future something will come to remedy this weakness. The Lord will have a good try, anyway. We had a fine open-air-service in silencing an opposition open "Photograph Concert" and held a crowd to the end. Two sons were rewarded for the faithful defense of the truth, which God enabled the Major to deal out. We believe there is a great future ahead of us.

The Major bearded the ears for best, while your humble servant more bunched himself over to the defense of the worthy D. O., to get 30 miles to the next appointment. We could chronicle a few incidents in this connection, which should be perfectly lawful, but not altogether expected in the present regime. We enjoyed our visit to Forest City, and God helped us to meet our old soldier, who had been on the stage of the Kingdom for some time. He was billeted with Rev. Dr. Williams, Methodist Minister, an old and friend of the Army. We received quite an inspiration from this veteran saint, who has seen over forty years' service in the cause of the Master, and left his presence with a clearer determination to speak and bear witness for the salvation of the lost.

Brayford received us gladly the next day, and in spite of a thunder storm which broke over the town just meeting-time, we had a fair crowd. Capt. Copeman is full of schemes and plans for the future.

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WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.



MAJOR McMILLAN.

BLENNHEIM.—We have said goodbye to Capt. and Mrs. Dowell, Capt. White and Lieut. Fenneyce have come to us from the Kingdom for some time. They were billeted with Rev. Dr. Williams, Methodist Minister, an old and friend of the Army. We received quite an inspiration from this veteran saint, who has seen over forty

years' service in the cause of the Master, and left his presence with a clearer determination to speak and bear witness for the salvation of the lost.

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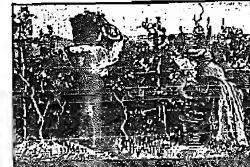
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"He Blamed It on His Wife."

LEAMINGTON.—A warm evening from the people here was given Ensign and Mrs. Sibley. They have three dear little ones—a little girl and two boys. Surely the Junior war will prosper now. We are praying and believing for a great revival here. Interest is increasing and better times are expected. A good crowd listened to Ensign Sunday evening. Subject, "He Blamed It on His Wife." Soldiers meeting on Tuesday night fully attended.—An interested spectator.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.



MAJOR TURNER ASST. P.O.

PEVERSHAM.—Last Sunday afternoon our son held up his hand for prayer. We made a daily trip round the Circle and expect to hear a crash of the enemy's walls at a very early date. We already have bills out for some big goes in the near future. Lord bless the S. D. effort.—A. W. McGregor, P. Lieut.

OMERO.—Last week was a busy week. I went up to Lindsay, say good-bye to Adj't, and Capt. Fox. The last meeting was splendid, and enjoyed very much. Very good time visiting and Crys all sold out. Very good meetings on Sunday, and the largest crowd for a year. Secretary and Sgt.-Major Cornell welcomed back after being absent through sickness for the past twelve weeks. We are all glad to see them again. Best of all one sister volunteered out to the Mercy Sent; also on Tuesday night one sought the blessing of a clean heart.—C. H. B.

HOVEYSDALE.—"Sixty Years through Smiles and Tears" was the very interesting subject of Staff-Capt. Marion's lecture on Thursday night. The meeting, indeed, was one of smiles and tears, for when the Staff-Captain gave the boyhood part of his experience not a few almost went into convulsions of laughter. The children sat, some stood, with eyes, ears, and even mouth open, enjoying the talk to the utmost, especially when he told how he had been sent to his room upstairs while his father went to get a

stick to punish him and he had escaped through the window, his father had nothing to hit when he got there. His aunt was out to the country and looked up his tree and asked, "George, wat yo' doin' ther?" "Gettin' a bird," he said. Nearly all the people stayed in the house, but when we were within the end of that remarkable biography was related, for, don't you see, aged men and decrepit women laughed like children. But when the Staff-Captain told how his little one was taken from him, through his disobedience to God, tears were in many eyes. Many practical lessons were learned, which will not soon be forgotten. Come again, Staff-Captain, and give us "Middles"!—T.

STURGEON FAILS.—On Sunday morning, after a hard little one, one backslighter came back, and two souls came out for bottom. At night the barracks was overcrowded. All the week the meetings were good. Our little corps is growing, and the J. S. work is getting along well. We had twelve children on Sunday.—William Spitzer.

THIRSDAY.—On Thursday night we had a social which was a decided success. A good program was rendered by the Juniors, consisting of recitations, action pieces, Bible drills, tag drills, readings, etc., which were enjoyed by all present. Cake and coffee was in abundance. A good crowd partook of same. In addition to a free social for about 40 Juniors. Our rent, which was about two months behind, we have paid up to date.—Ensign Jones.

YORKVILLE.—After a hard day's night with the enemy of souls all day Sunday, God gave us victory. The night meeting was a crowning time, when six preachers souls a tight and found the Savion. Our motto is "Fight to Win," in the Self-Denial battle.—A. Rose, Capt.

SKAGWAY.—Captured at last, a man who has beat around town all winter, going the rounds of the saloons and gambling houses, and occasionally listening at the open door. He came to the meeting and surrendered to God, and says that he has found what he has long been seeking true joy. Thank God for victory!

The Indians who wintered here have

nearly all returned to their home village, and are carrying on meetings

with good success among themselves.

Souls are being saved, and there is rejoicing in the camp.—T. J. McGill, Adj't.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.



MAJOR HARGRAVES

From Hell to Heaven.

BUTTE.—Good meetings all day Sunday. Good crowds both outside and in. The Spirit and power of God were felt, and after a fight we had the joy of seeing one precious soul come to the Cross, who wept like a child. He afterwards testified that after having had hell on earth for a long time, he was glad that he had found peace at last. Praise God! —R. P., Reg. Corp.

MISSOURI.—Officers received farewell orders, later, on orders cancelled. Praise the Lord! —On Saturday night we had an ice cream and cake social. Net proceeds \$20. Good meetings. Many under conviction, but none yielding. Officers making preparations for Self-Denial target, which they are determined to raise.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Indian Evangelists.

SKAGWAY.—Captured at last, a man who has beat around town all winter, going the rounds of the saloons and gambling houses, and occasionally listening at the open door. He came to the meeting and surrendered to God, and says that he has found what he has long been seeking true joy. Thank God for victory!

The Indians who wintered here have nearly all returned to their home village, and are carrying on meetings with good success among themselves.

Souls are being saved, and there is rejoicing in the camp.—T. J. McGill, Adj't.

A Bluejackets' Enrolment.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Splendid meetings. Thursday night a memorial meeting, ending with the enrolment of one of the blue jackets from H. M. S. Virago. Before he got saved he "broke leave" and for six months he has only been able to come ashore two evenings each week. His time has now expired, and he can come every night and do his best for God and the service. He has a fine voice, and will be a help to the corps. Friday we had a good meeting. Mr. Hooper, an old friend of the Army, sang and took the lesson. Sunday, rest good meetings. Adj't, Smith and Ensign Thorkildson, from the Indian work on the West Coast, came to meet Commissioned; but, like the rest, were disappointed. We were glad to see them, especially Ensign Thorkildson, who is an old friend of Victoria corps. They both attended in Sunday's meetings. One soul Sunday night, a Queen's soldier, got well saved. We have the "soldiers of the Queen" on the platform and one blue jacket, a little corner of the Naval and Military League.—M. Lewis.

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.



BRIGADIER SHARP.

"Easter Crys Went Fine."

PILLEY'S ISLAND.—Last Sunday was a day of blessing, and the meetings were much enjoyed by all. There was no difficulty in getting the Easter War Crys, they were fine. In the afternoon the quarterly bulletin sheet was issued, and Major Charles Tress, Blackmore, A. S. S. M. Normore, Orderly Sgt. Lee, and Bro. Steve Blackmore farewelled for Belle Isle. It was a touching time, and at the close, five more souls knelt at the Cross.—Capt. Jones.

Navy Souls for the Siege.

TIKTUVEN COVE.—The Siege of 1000 has been a brilliant success. Ninety-two souls have been saved, twenty-six new soldiers have been enrolled, twenty-old soldiers that have been backsliders for a long time have returned and taken their stand again and are doing well. Our indoor weekly attendances have increased from thirty-five to sixty-three, our knee-dell attendances have increased from twenty to twenty-six, our knee-dell attendances have increased from twenty to twenty. Finances are very good, so the War Cry readers will see by these figures that the S. A. is rising day by day. Officers and soldiers are all fine, souls are still getting saved. To God be all the glory.—L. Smart, R. C.

TWILLINGATE.—Souls are getting saved all the time. We had a good day on Good Friday. Barracks packed at night. Enrolled nine soldiers, had four out for salvation, and a good collection. War Cry all sold out. God bless our boomers.—Ensign Cooper.

well for the meetings. Officers off to council, meanwhile we shall be led on by two lassie Sergt-Majors. We are looking for great things to transpire in the coming summer.—See E. A. M., for Hunt and Chandler, C. O's.

HALIFAX, I.—Adj't and Mrs. McLean have farewelled from this corps and District, after ten months of faithful service to God and souls. May the Lord abundantly bless them in their new field of labor. On Friday night we welcomed one new member, Adj't, and Mrs. Fraser and Capt. Armstrong, among us. The Adj't and wife were stationed here some ten years ago. We believe the Lord is going to make them a blessing to the corps, and to the sumers. A few souls have sought the Lord since their arrival here, one of the number a soldier of the Canadian Provisional Battalion of Infantry now stationed here.—Treas. Caslin.

A Four Hours' Fight.

PARISHBRO, N. S.—The meeting on Sunday night lasted for four hours, a desperate fight in which two precious souls were captured from the enemy's ranks, which makes thirteen souls for the week. One man started to come to the meeting, and went home and tried to go to sleep; but the Spirit of God took such a hold of him that he had to get up out of bed and come down to the quarters at half-past twelve, just as we were laid down to have a little rest. We got up and prayed with him and he got himself saved, and went home at one o'clock in the morning, rejoicing in the God of his salvation.—Ritchie and Ebenezer.

SOMERSET, B.—Sunday morning, one soul at knee-drill. At night we finished up at eleven o'clock, when everybody had gone to their homes except a few of the soldiers, who prayed with a sailor lad who desired to give God his heart. G. E. Harrison, J. S. Sergt.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Easter Sunday the Woodstock forces were led on by Ensign McDonald, from Fredericton. Grand meeting of knee-drill, followed by a march around town. God's presence felt in all the meetings, but no visible results.—Kate Welch, Capt.; Winifred Jones, Lieut.

NORTH WEST PROVINCE.



MAJOR SOUTHLAND.

FARGO.—Our new officers arrived on Friday night, Ensign Burton and Capt. Myers, from Calgary. We welcome them to our midst, and pray that God will make them a blessing.—Matt.

A Visitation Trophy.

GILFORD, N. D.—Friday last Mr. D. O. Ensign Dean, and Mrs. Capt. Taylor with us. Their music and singing were much enjoyed by all. We had a good meeting, and on some faces conviction was evident. While visiting to-day, a man who was sick earnestly sought and found salvation. Glory be to God! —We are in for smashing our S. D. target.—Herringshaw and wife.

Use Your Chance.

When Edison, the inventor, was a very poor young man, walking in the streets in search of work, he happened into a Wall Street office. The telegraph recording machine was out of order, and nobody could make it work. Instead of pleading his ease in general statement, he simply asked whether he might try his hand on the bally machine. He was permitted, and was successful. This was the turning-point in his career towards fortune. He not only had knowledge and skill enough to make a machine go, but he had wit enough to perceive the opportunity just at his hand.

EASTERN PROVINCE



MAJOR PICKERING.

Last Locals to the Front.

BEAUM RIVER.—Lately we have seen God's power manifested in a wonderful manner. Some backsliders have returned, and we have quite a crowd of young folks converted, and working for the Master, who turn up

KIT'S REDEMPTION.

The heavy shadows of evening were fast wrapping round the long, summer's day their sombre garlands of gloom. In one still room heavier clouds of sorrow were crowding, where the sands of another day were fast running out.

They were alone together—mother and son. The ashen face upon the pillow bore traces of marked refinement and the remnants of almost primitive beauty, yet the chamber of death was small and mean, and the luxuries of the sleek room were noticeably absent. The young man on his knees by the bedside bore scarcely sufficient resemblance to the dying woman to bespeak the close he between them. Stephen Falconer could boast of no beauty, yet there were few men and fewer women who would not have turned a second glance at his strong, rugged features. Just now his face was full of the agony of impending loss, the greatest he had ever known.

"Did he say he would come, Steve?" asked the sinking voice already husky with the lurch of death. With the importunity of failing breath she had asked the same question twenty times during the last hour, and twenty times received the low, gentle assurance,

"Yes, mother. Coming immediately was the wife said.

"There is something I want to say before he comes," said the mother. It was significant that while she always spoke of her elder son as Steve, she frequently referred to her younger simply by the pronoun. "I am dying with a full heart of anxiety for my son, but I do not like the deathbed to be a scene of despair. I have never seen a man so blessed in this world who should have died a troubled, care-worn face, for the suspense of his long search had made of Stephen an old man before his time.

It was a glorious summer's evening, and the open-air ring was large that night, swelled by the numbers who had come in from the outlying ranches. Stephen spoke that night as he had never spoken before. He seemed to feel eternally already begun, and said afterwards as of his great namesake, that his face had been like an angel's. Suddenly there was a cry from the hotel that stood opposite—the stirring thrill of fire. The little meeting closed hurriedly, and soldiers and shivers turned to lead a hasty. But there was no organised fire brigade in that lonely place, and few water facilities, and the flames spread rapidly. At the first alarm the family, and the wife, and the two sons, and someone who remained as the fire rose higher, that at any rate no lives were in danger, when a scream of mortal terror rang out. The rosy cheek of the stout landlady turned white.

"My God! I've forgotten him!" he murmured. "He's a strumpet as cause him, I left him to sleep his boozefest."

"Only too well," thought Steve bitterly, and despite Kit's would-be friendliness, and Steve's regret and longing, there was a coldness in the brother's farewell.

"Oh, yes, I know; but, Steve, I've fended lately—not that I blame him—his life has been one round of pleasure. It's always been cards, or billiards, or a smoking concert, when I've looked for him at home. He can't help his own life, Steve, he's his father's own boy in that, but God forbid that he should drop into the same grave!"

Mrs. Falconer did not say what this grave had been—a drunkard's. Only too well did her son know the cost of his father's indulgences, which had cut short his own life and impoverished his family.

"Steve, I've done all for him I could, you know that. We have saved and economized to send him to college and start him on his career, and though he hasn't, perhaps, done his talents full justice, yet he has won everybody's good-will. The most popular fellow of the college, is what they tell me. Now I am dying, Steve—dying without seeing my Kit still on the ground which gave me hope—he's everything but the one thing, I leave you, my Kit's not in Christ—just I leave him to you. I know I've slighted sometimes, my son. Dearly as I love you both, I couldn't help loving Kit best; but more than gratitude and love shall be yours if you'll look after Kit. You have your ambitions in life, I know, Steve, and God give you your heart's desire, for it is a noble one; but promise your dying mother that you'll put Kit first."

"Mother, I will," and the solemn tones made the words sound more like a vow than a promise.

A few minutes later and the mother's blue-veined hand rested on the fair curls of her favorite, who was sobbing out his grief with all the fervor of his passionate nature. He had reached home, but for the first time—the effort which she had put into the last conversation with Steve had spent her ebullient strength, and she could barely breathe her blessing over her boy.

"You have been—all the world—to your mother, Kit. Meet her in heaven!" Then turning her dying eyes towards Stephen, with a last effort she said, "Remember!"

Stephen and Keith Falconer were motherless.

"It's all very well for you to talk, Steve, about our holding together. Of course I know you're the dearest and fellow in the world, but I've had times too good to be brother to me; but we're each other better at a distance after all. Now, don't look so blue old man, I don't mean anything more than this. You're all for religion, and study, and work, and I am, to be quite frank, all for play and pleasure, and what, I suppose, you can call the world, the flesh, and the devil! You must go your way, and I must go mine. To let this splendid chance in Canada go by for a scruple would be man, man!"

Then Stephen felt the time had come to speak plainly. Hitherto he had only sought the proposition on the North-West situation on the ground of the distance it would separate the two brothers.

"Kit, I begin, using the old pet name of his brother's boyhood, "I don't want you to go away out there, because I'm afraid for you. It's been hard enough for you to keep straight in London; it will be harder out West. There are fewer codes of society there to hold you, less sense of restraint, and, oh, Kit, you know nothing of the Higher Power to help you. I don't say you've gone far wrong yet, but don't go further."

Kit flushed up. His slow, still brother so rarely spoke out, and he shame-facedly thought of how much further his wrong-doing had been than Steve had any idea of. Still, he was tender of himself than of his brother, and had no intention of yielding his position.

"Never fear," he said. "There's nothing like a fresh scene to help a fellow to break off old companions. I shall be all right. As to being lonely, of course I shall miss you, but then I always manage to get along with folks."

"Only too well," thought Steve bitterly, and despite Kit's would-be friendliness, and Steve's regret and longing, there was a coldness in the brother's farewell.

"Six months and no letter!" Stephen Falconer looked down at the small correspondence of his morning's mail with an anxious face. Keith had now been away nearly twelve months. For the first five he had written home fairly regularly letters full of charm, which his clever pen knew so well how to throw around the test of his foolish genius. And the dreary drudgery of his own drab task Stephen had read them without one trace of envy. Ever since his father died he had taken the burden of their mortgaged affairs upon himself, and putting aside his own ambitions to work in a merciful career, he had toiled at an unceasing trade to remove their debts, and keep for his mother some home together. It seemed quite right to him that Kit should have a good time. The letters gave no cause for unkindness. They were warm and well-meaning, and Stephen began to tell himself that perhaps, after all, his fears had been groundless, and that the change might even be reforming Kit. Then the letters were fewer and fewer, and, at last, a long, long silence.

Now Steve was face to face with the question as to how to find him. There seemed but one thing to do—to go in search. Against this there was the fact that, for the first time since his father's death, the debt on the family was now clear, he was going into the world with a heavy load of debt. Then Keith seemed to have lost the power to act for himself, and Steve had to throw him into the mud. Then he, too, jumped amid the deriding cheers of the crowd. The jump was a high one, but the younger brother got no more than a stinging; the elder fell awkwardly and fractured his spine.

Stephen looked round the room—it was filled with musty books on his favorite science; he opened the small safe-box; already the small store was growing, but a reminder as from another world, like as it seemed to his mother's voice, told him that there was just sufficient to pay his other passage. Must be give up all his cherished ambitions just when they seemed near fulfillment, to search for a brother who would be little likely to thank him for his pains? For one moment the struggle was keen. He was tortured with suggestions that after all he could do more good to

the world by remaining and following his own bent. Then again came that spirit-whisper, "Promise to put Kit first," and Stephen Falconer fell on his knees to renounce his hopes and ask God-speed to his quest.

Five years had slipped by, but still the lost brother was missing. When Stephen had reached his North-West home, he had drawn no one knew whether. He had got into some difficulties, and had sought to extricate himself by taking that which was not his own. Before, however, he had disappeared, Keith had vanished. At the opening of the prairies of the North-West and then down through the States, Stephen wandered on. On the way a change came to himself—he met the Salvation Army and through its agency found what, upright man though he had ever been, he had not previously known—a present and experimental religion.

Then Stephen threw the vigor of his young manhood into the service of God, and as a Salvation Army Captain sought to heal men's souls, as he had once dreamed of alleviating their bables. But all the time the thought of Kit was never far from him. Every meeting he scanned the people for a sight of the face that never came, and his soldiers wondered why a man so blessed in the work should have such a troubled, care-worn face, for the suspense of his long search had made of Stephen an old man before his time.

It was a glorious summer's evening, and the open-air ring was large that night, swelled by the numbers who had come in from the outlying ranches. Stephen spoke that night as he had never spoken before. He seemed to feel eternally already begun, and said afterwards as of his great namesake, that his face had been like an angel's. Suddenly there was a cry from the hotel that stood opposite—the stirring thrill of fire. The little meeting closed hurriedly, and soldiers and shivers turned to lead a hasty. But there was no organised fire brigade in that lonely place, and few water facilities, and the flames spread rapidly. At the first alarm the family, and the wife, and the two sons, and someone who remained as the fire rose higher, that at any rate no lives were in danger, when a scream of mortal terror rang out. The rosy cheek of the stout landlady turned white.

"My God! I've forgotten him!" he murmured. "He's a strumpet as cause him, I left him to sleep his boozefest."

"Only too well," thought Steve bitterly, and despite Kit's would-be friendliness, and Steve's regret and longing, there was a coldness in the brother's farewell.

It was almost certain death to attempt it, yet Stephen pressed forward. The great love for his brother made him tender towards all humanity. The crowd watched him with absorption amongst the smoke of the doorway, and then stood breathless to see the failure or success of his search. Half-blinded with smoke, searched by the flame, Stephen succeeded in reaching the room, only just in time, for the stars fell in behind him. He reached the terrified man, "Jump!" he said and held his hand on his shoulder. The man turned, Stephen nearly fainted—it was his brother. The recognition was mutual, but there was no time for a word, for the flames were devouring the window sashes. Even then Keith seemed to have lost the power to act for himself, and Steve had to throw him into the mud. Then he, too, jumped amid the deriding cheers of the crowd. The jump was a high one, but the younger brother got no more than a stinging; the elder fell awkwardly and fractured his spine.

There were but a few minutes for a farewell; for Stephen's injury was a slight one. Understanding the relationship between the two men, the crowd shrank back with the rough courtesy of Western men, and left the brothers together.

"Thank God, Kit. I've found you. I came to America to do it, and God has given you back to me. Promise me that you'll serve your mother's God before I go."

Kit was overcome with grief and remorse, yet he struggled to break into the dying ear the promise, and he kept his word. Then Steve put his hand into his brother's and said,

"It's all right, Kit; you did not get on together, but we'll be friends as well as brothers in heaven, and it's worth while dying to hear you say you'll do the right."

A few seconds more—very painful but very peaceful ones—and Steve Falconer's spirit had fled; his passing was the price of Kit's redemption.—A. L. P.



THE GREAT SUPPER.

Luke xiv. 7-24.

The preface to this parable impresses the lesson which Christ was constantly seeking to convey by His words, and which the eloquent testimony of His whole life went to teach the lesson of humility. There is something strange in the thought that man had to be educated in this most attractive grace by a Divine example, and that it took an act of submission, nay, of degradation, on the part of the Creator to teach the creature His place.

And how few of us even now, for more than half Christendom the hardest lesson it ever has to master is the knowledge and possession of true humility of heart—an altogether different thing to a profession of great humility with which abject truculence, the world and the church has been sickened again and again. Perhaps when we look upon the gifts God may have given us more in the light of these two lines—

"Sought I have, my own I call, I hold it for the Giver."

we shall know more of genuine humility, as well as unreserved consecration.

This is the parable of excuses, and its lesson is one emphatic word to the so-called "reasons." When we give why they cannot attend to the first great law to "Leave the Lord their God with all their heart," which means, when they will as whole serve Him with all their life.

"Can anything finite transcend in importance that which is infinite? Can a question of time outweigh a demand of Eternity? Oh, when will men more widely see and acknowledge that the spiritual part of their nature is so immeasurably of greatest value, and that the long To-morrow cannot be forgotten in the claims of to-day?

DRAWING ROOM RECEPTION.

Pleasant Afternoon Gathering at Mr. Whitchurch's—Address by Miss Booth.

A pleasant feature of the celebration of the visit of Commissioner Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, to Winnipeg, was the drawing-room reception held in her honor yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. J. J. Whitchurch. The proceedings were largely of a social nature, and the "at home" afforded an opportunity which was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by prominent citizens who take an interest in Miss Booth's work. Miss Booth expressed herself as highly delighted with the kindness of the friends she had met in the city, and gave an address which was received with great interest, telling a little of her own personal experience in the Salvation Army. Her little adopted children, Willie and Pearl, were with her, and contributed no little portion to the entertainment of the occasion. Tea was served, and Mrs. Whitchurch made the "at home" in every way enjoyable to the guests. Major and Mrs. Southall and a number of the officers of their command were present—Winnipeg Free Press.

The humble are always lifted up in heart.

LONDON COUNCIL

MAJOR McMILLAN AND THE WEST ON OFFICERS SPEND A PROFITABLE TIME TOGETHER.

L.—The Welcome.

It was with great delight that received the announcement that new P. O's, Major and Mrs. McMillan were to conduct three days on London, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, April 23rd, 24th, and 25th. Monday night meeting was to be held at the Staff and Field Officers' Club, and on Tuesday evening a meeting was held on different streets, led by D. O's, at the close of which the band marched round, meeting them to the Citadel, where a large audience had already gathered.

The indoor meeting was a true freedom throughout, and was led by the P. O's, who I might say were received with tremendous enthusiasm. Our tried and devoted Captain, Staff-Capt. Phillips, welcomed West Ontario Staff and Field to London, and he was followed by Dr. Wainwright, in behalf of the band, and friends. It was a welcome indeed.

After a solo by Capt. Mathers, Major called on the different D. O's to speak. The following had a few words: Adj'ts—Compts, Orr, Blackburn and McHarg, each uttering a loving and affectionate come to my beloved P. O's, as reporting the victories that God is giving them in their different bands.

The meeting throughout was a one in every respect, and although did not see any visitors, yet we all felt that God was with us, and all said, "God bless and prosper new P. O's, Major and Mrs. McMillan." We are confident that shall be the means, in God's hands, of leading the West Ontario troops to victory. H. C. M. J.

L.—The Councils.

When our worthy P. O's, Major Mrs. McMillan, entered the council room on Tuesday morning, when some 75 officers had gathered, it was a great time of rejoicing. We felt thankful that God had sent leaders amongst us. Staff-Capt. Phillips, who has a level head, understands how to do a thing, and on behalf of the officers, the Major a real soldier's welcome. West Ontario, assuring him there were a lot of whole-hearted and women in this part of the world.

Adj't.

LONDON COUNCILS

MAJOR MCMILLAN AND THE WEST ONTARIO OFFICERS SPEND A PROFITABLE TIME TOGETHER.

1. The Welcome.

It was with great delight that we received the announcement that our new P. O.'s, Major and Mrs. McMillan, were to conduct three days' councils in London, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, April 23rd, 24th, and 25th.

Monday night meeting was as a welcome to the Staff and Field Officers. Previous to this meeting several open-air meetings were held on different street corners, led by D. O.'s, at the close of which the band marched around picking up the different brigades and marching them to the Citadel, where a large audience had already gathered.

The indoor meeting was a meeting of freedom throughout, and was led by the P. O.'s, who, I might say here, were received with tremendous volleys. Our tried and devoted Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Phillips, welcomed the West Ontario Staff and Field to London, and he was followed by Ensign Wakefield, on behalf of the corps, band, and friends. It was a proper welcome.

After a solo by Capt. Mathers, the Major called on the different P. O.'s to speak. The following had a few words: Atta, Canada, Orford, Lieutenant, and McHarg, each one extending a loving and affectionate welcome to our beloved P. O.'s, as well as reporting the victories that God was giving them in their different commands.

The meeting throughout was a good one in every respect, and although we did not see any visible results, yet we felt that God was with us, and we all say, "God bless and prosper our new P. O.'s, Major and Mrs. McMillan." We are confident that they shall be the means, in God's hands, of leading the West Ontario troops to victory. H. C. M. P.

II.—The Councils.

When our worthy P. O.'s, Major and Mrs. McMillan, entered the council room on Tuesday morning, where some 70 officers had gathered, there was a great time of rejoicing. We all felt that God had sent such leaders amongst us. Staff-Captain Phillips, who has a level head and understands how to do a thing, rose, and on behalf of the officers, gave the Major a real soldier's welcome to West Ontario, assuring him that there were a lot of whole-hearted men and women in this part of the battlefield.

The morning session was taken up by the D. O.'s, dealing with different departments. Captain, Adj't., Capt. spoke on "Sacrifice"; Adj't. McHarg, on "Sacrifice and How to Use Them"; Adj't. Orford, "Sacrifice Efforts"; (some good advice); Adj't. McAuliffe on "How to Succeed in the Junior Work"; Adj't. Blackburn, "When Officers Should Rest, and How to Rest"; Ensign Wakefield, "Health, and How to Maintain It." To put it in a few words, the morning was well spent, and each one was helped.

The afternoon session was taken up with several matters, such as S. D., and Officers' Assistance Fund, etc. These were faithfully dealt with by the Major and Capt. Mathers.

At 7 o'clock the power of the Holy Ghost was felt resting upon us. Staff-Capt. Lewis spoke on "Stagnation." Light and blessing flowed into our souls. The Staff-Captain exuded himself. It was grand. Then the Major followed up with a soul-refreshing talk. It was heaven to be there. Our faith was high for the following day, which was to be devoted entirely to spiritual counsels. Eternity alone can reveal what was done in the two sessions the following day. Our leaders, filled with God, spoke on the truth, and many could see clearly where they had failed and come short. The Major, talk on giving his body to God, was wonderful. His lips were touched with the fire, and I believe many an officer will look back to those meetings as being a new start in their life to greater success and victory.

The farewell meeting at night would be hard to describe. After the open-air, led by the D. O.'s, the London band played the brigades and one great procession marched back to

the Citadel, which was well filled. Talk about lively times down in Newfoundland, they could not get ahead of us. Every officer and soldier, as well as Mrs. Parsons, received their new appointments, and each D. O. was called upon to say a few words. When Mrs. Adj't. McAuliffe and Coombs were called to the front the people almost went wild. These officers had been stationed in London, and it was easily seen that they had won the hearts of the people, especially the band boys.

The Major and Staff-Captain both gave the officers some good advice, as well as the band boys, and back-soldiers to settle their souls' salvation. Thus we closed some of the best councils and meetings I have ever attended.

God bless the London people! They are all right. Also the band—they are a fine lot of fellows, and know how to pitch in for God.—T. Coombs, Adj't.

SAFE OVER JORDAN.

Color-Sergt. Bro. Cheeseman, of London Corps, Called to His Reward.

Death has robbed our corps of dear Bro. Cheeseman, the Color Sergeant.

For seventeen years Brother Cheeseman has been a faithful and devoted Salvationist, having at all times the interest of Christ's Kingdom at heart, and always in a ministering spirit.

His Master. His death came as a great shock to the corps, as he was only laid aside eight days previous to being called home. During those days he suffered intensely, but he was never heard to murmur. In visiting him during his illness, he assured me that all was right, saying, "The savings that I have trusted for the past years of my life, I can trust right through to the end." His last request was to be buried by the Army, so we gave him a proper Army funeral. His remains were taken to the Citadel, where a very impressive service was conducted by Ensign Wakefield, after which the procession was formed, headed by the band, and as the sweet strains of music went forth on the air, hundreds of people who lined the streets were moved to tears as they watched the solemn procession. Many of the officers (who were attending council) joined with the soldiers and band in the funeral march.

The memorial service, the following Sunday night, was very impressive. Many of the soldiers spoke of the godly, consistent life of our departed brother. Sergt.-Major Andrew stated that "After knowing Bro. Cheeseman for over seventeen years he had never known him to murmur or complain." Ensign Whittaker sang a beautiful solo, "The City of Gold." Mrs. Major McMillan spoke very feelingly, and Mrs. Wakefield, who is just recovering from a severe sickness, had a few words, and referred to the many times that Bro. Cheeseman had visited her while in her illness, bringing beautiful flowers, showing such a beautiful spirit of thoughtfulness. Many felt their need of being ready to meet God, but would not yield. Some rushed away from time into eternity. What a warning to the young to be ready! I spent many hours with her before she died, and with her last breath she sang with me, "Behold she who just becoming unconscious, I asked her to wake her husband if she was trusting in Jesus. She tried to do so. She will be missed in her home by her widowed mother and brother, also in our Band of Love and Bible Class. We had her funeral service on Sunday last. Very impressive services were held at her home, in the barracks, and at the grave. Six sisters, in full uniform, were her pall-bearers. Hundreds were on the site of interment. 400 people crowded into the barracks, and two were converted at the memorial service. We have pledged ourselves afresh to God to be faithful 'till the day dawns and the shadows flee away.'—Annie Boggs, Adj't.

and then again as a Cadet, with Mrs. Parsons, spoke most touchingly on the life and faithfulness of our glorified warrior. Adj't. Hunter read the lesson from Rev. 2nd chapter, part of 9th and 10th verses, dwelling on "I know thy works, tribulations, and poverty, but thou art still faithful." Note the turnings which thou didst suffer. "More faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The Adj't. having been the Divisional Officer of dear Mrs. Parsons up West, spoke of his personal knowledge of her devoted, loyal, and faithful service to the cross of Christ. Sister Ivan sang, "Loved ones in heaven are watching for me." Then a few words by Adj't. Frazer of deepest sympathy for the dear loss. The Ensign himself spoke of the life and death of his darling wife, how during the past three years, and three months of their married life, she had at all times, and under all circumstances put the claims of God and the interests of His Kingdom first; how outlasting had been her love for the sinner Christ had died to save, and how, with her dying breath, she had pleaded the cause of Calvary's Lamb and charged him to be faithful to the Blood-stained banner.

The Ensign is struggling bravely through this sad bereavement of wife and little son's loss, and wishes to express his thanks to the War Cry his appreciation of all the kind letters of love and sympathy which have reached him in this trying hour.—Mrs. Adj't. Frazer.

From Harbor Grace, Nfld., to Heaven.

Sister Lucy Parsons has been called up higher. Of her it might be said, "Her sun has gone down while it was yet day." She was enrolled by Adj't. Kenway about eighteen months ago, and since then has been a soldier of this corps. Never very strong, and of a retiring disposition, she did not come to the front very much. She was scarcely 20 years of age, and after only a few days' sickness was called away from time into eternity. What a warning to the young to be ready! I spent many hours with her before she died, and with her last breath she sang with me, "Behold she who just becoming unconscious, I asked her to wake her husband if she was trusting in Jesus. She tried to do so. She will be missed in her home by her widowed mother and brother, also in our Band of Love and Bible Class. We had her funeral service on Sunday last. Very impressive services were held at her home, in the barracks, and at the grave. Six sisters, in full uniform, were her pall-bearers. Hundreds were on the site of interment. 400 people crowded into the barracks, and two were converted at the memorial service. We have pledged ourselves afresh to God to be faithful 'till the day dawns and the shadows flee away.'—Annie Boggs, Adj't.

The Memorial Service of Mrs. Ensign Parsons.

TOUCHING SCENES.

In the Dartmouth barracks on Sunday, April 29th, was conducted by Adj't. Frazer, assisted by Adj't. and Mrs. Hunter, the memorial service of the late Mrs. Ensign Parsons. The barracks was well filled and the service was most impressive. The opening song, "Shall we gather at the river?" was played by the Halifax band. Then followed prayer, and some agents, "Hallelujah, Amen." Mr. Hitchcock, Treasurer of the corps, and who ranks amongst the first Army converts in Dartmouth, then spoke and gave testimony to the fact that in all his experience his soul was never brought in closer contact with his Christ than by the death-bed scene of our beloved comrade, Bro. Ford, of Halifax, then sang, "Thou hast the power to heal me," the last song sung by dear Mrs. Parsons, just previous to her death. Then followed testimonies of those who had been most with Mrs. Parsons, during her short life. Dartmouth did testify of her Christian life and example among them, and spoke of the spiritual strength and encouragement they received. Mrs. Hunter then closed, "The warrior sings in heaven," after which followed Capt. Butler, who had fought in the Army ranks as a soldier,

THE VALUE OF A CONTRIBUTION.

WHEN LITTLE IS MUCH.

It needs watchfulness and faith to keep from growing sluggish as one's income increases. Commonly, the more one has, the less one gives. There are beautiful exceptions to this general rule, and these exceptions are triumphs of grace. Small gifts may have God's approval, yet not because they are small, but because they are the more the gift given to God. Jesus commended the poor widow's two mites, not because they were "two mites, that make a farthing," but because they were "all that she had, even all her living." It is said that He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh at some things. May He not laugh when a man with a big bank account puts in a petty sum, saying that he gives "the widow's mite"? If we use a Scriptural figure, we must see to it that it is appropriate to our cause, as it was to the one of whom it was first used. Sir Thomas Brown said: "Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil for the wounds of the distressed."

Kit was overcome with grief and remorse, yet he managed to breath into the dying ear the promise, and subsequent years have told how well he kept his word. Then Steve put his hand into his brother's hand and said: "It's all right, Kit; you did not understand me, thought we could not get on together, but we'll be friends as well as brothers in heaven, and it's worth while dying to hear you say you'll do the right."

A few seconds more—very painful and very peaceful ones—and Steve Falconer's spirit had fled—his passing was the price of Kit's redemption.—A. L. P.



THE GREAT SUPPER.

Luke xiv. 7-24.

The preface to this parable impresses the lesson which Christ was earnestly seeking to convey by His words, and which the eloquent testimony of His whole life went to teach—the lesson of humility. There is something strange in the thought that man had to be educated in this most attractive grace by a Divine example, and that it took an act of submission, any of degradation, on the part of the Creator to teach the creature His grace.

And how few of us know it even now. For more than half Christians learn the hardest lesson it ever has to master is the knowledge and possession of true humility of heart—an altogether different thing to a professor of great humility with which abject tristesse, the world and the church has been sickened again and again. Perhaps when we look upon the gifts God may have given us more in the light of these two lines—

"Nought that I have, my own I call, I hold it for the Giver."

we shall know more of genuine humility, as well as unreserved consecration.

This is the parable of excuses, and its lesson is one emphatic denial of the so-called "reasons" which men give why they cannot attend to the first great day to "love the Lord their God with all their heart," which means, of course, that they will as wholly serve Him with all their life.

Can anything finite transcend in importance that which is infinite? Can a question of time outweigh a demand of Eternity? Oh, when will men more widely see and acknowledge that the spiritual part of their nature is so immeasurably of greatest value, and that the long To-morrow cannot be forgotten in the calendar of today?

DRAWING ROOM RECEPTION.

Pleasant Afternoon Gathering at Mr. Whitfield's—Address by Miss Booth.

A pleasant feature of the celebration of the visit of Commissioneer Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, to Whitfield, was the drawing-room reception held in her honor yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. H. J. Whitfield. The proceedings were largely of a social nature, and the "at home" afforded an opportunity which was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by prominent citizens who take an interest in Miss Booth's work. Miss Booth expressed herself as highly delighted with the kindness of the friends she had met in the city, and she gave an address, which was listened to with great interest, telling a little of her own personal experience in the Salvation Army. Her little adopted children, Willie and Pearl, were with her, and contributed no little portion to the entertainment of the occasion. Tea was served, and Mrs. Whitfield made the "at home" in every way enjoyable to the guests. Major and Mrs. Whitfield and a number of the officers of their command were present.—Whitfield Free Press.

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ney, Temple	2
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town, Bowmantown	2
teynolds, Bowmantown	2
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ales, Midland	2
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Currie, Hamilton 1	2
tee, Hamilton 11	2
nter, Newmarket	2
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nsbury, Lippincott	2
ONTARIO PROVINCE	2
85 Husslers	2
Smith, London	17
reen, Windsor	15
zzer, Woodstock	15
ham, Stratford	15
lltown, Chatham	15
loweford, Stratford	15
lt, McAlmond, Brantford	15
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ife, Sarnia	15
Gamble, Wallaceburg	15
McAlmond, Brantford	15
edwards, Guelph	15
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A. Ramée, Bridgewater	15
E. Bannie, Bridgewater	15
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EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

105 Husslers.

Capt. Piercy, Sydney	150
Sergt. Vebrol, Halifax II.	125
S. M. Smith, Windsor	125
See, Ellis, Charlottetown	125
Capt. G. Thompson, Gagetown	125
J. McQueen, Moncton	115
E. White, Campbellton	110
Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	100
E. Bell, St. George's	90
Capt. A. Allan, Carleton	90
Capt. Bell, St. George's	85
Capt. Goodwin, Somersby	85
Capt. Dwyer, St. John I.	85
Capt. A. Murchough, N. Sydney	100
N. Wood, Hamilton	100
Mrs. Stanton, Hamilton	100
Mme. Wilson, Halifax I.	100
Capt. Fleming, Halifax I.	90
Capt. Brabant, St. George's	90
Capt. Bell, St. George's	90
Capt. Goodwin, Somersby	85
Capt. Dwyer, St. John I.	85
Capt. B. Murchough, Charlottetown	85
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	80
Capt. Redmond, St. John I.	75
Sister Redd, St. John I.	75
Maggie McKenzie, New Glasgow	72
Capt. G. T. Irons, Windsor	72
Capt. Draper, Mbot	72
Sergt. Bold, Grafton	72
Capt. Taylor, Faileville	72
Mrs. Gibbs, Charlottetown	72
Capt. Parker, Emerson	72
Capt. Hebb, Amherst	70
Capt. Warren, Charlottetown	70
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Self-Denial's Gift.

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.J. 220, 1);
Steth (B.J. 25).

1 Oh, Son of God, Who didst deny Thyself on heaven, for me to die, And live a life of self-denial, A life of sorrow and of toil; Help me, dear Lord, to live like Thee, A saviour of mankind to be!

Thy life was spent in doing good, In giving souls and bodies food; Self-surrenderation was Thy theme, Thy life-long work souls to redeem. Help me, dear Saviour, so to live, New strength for service do Thou give.

Harry Davis

Self-Denial Love.

Tunes.—Christ is all; or, Come, comrades dear (B.B. 9) without the chorus.

2 What caused our God to send on earth His Son, to be of humble birth? 'Twas self-denial love. Why did He give His Son to be A ransom both for you and me? 'Twas self-denial love.

Chorus.

Oh, it was love; yes, wondrous love 'Twas self-denial love. Brought my Saviour from above, 'Twas self-denial love.

What caused my Lord to freely give His life that sinful man might live? 'Twas self-denial love. Forgive them, Father, oh forgive, they know not that by Me they live!— 'Twas self-denial love.

In dark Gethsemane, so dear, He drank the cup without a fear; 'Twas self-denial love. 'Father, Thy will be done!' He cried. And then my Lord was crucified, 'Twas self-denial love.

Dear Lord, save each of me to-day That love which chaseth fear away— More self-denial love; Help us to spread through every land That story so sublime and grand, Of self-denial love.

Will You Self Deny?

Tune.—Heaven's a beautiful city (S. M. II. 62).

3 How much can you suffer for Jesus? In His service how much will you lose? At His cross will you still kneel, adoring, And the cross which He gives you refuse?

Chorus.

I dare, Lord! I dare, Lord! I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus? There are plenty His wonders to praise; Dare you face the legions of hatred, And His down-trodden banner upraise?

How much will you suffer for Jesus? For the hate of His cause is the same; Would you seek to gain by His sufferings, Whilst shirking a share in His shame?

How much will you suffer for Jesus In the way to the crown He will give?

There are cruel deceivers and shanders;

A life on these terms will you live?

As smitten, and yet not "forsaken"; "Not destroyed," though often "tear down."

As "beautiful," yet counted "deceivers."

Our God will our characters crown!

Push on, Comrades.

"Oh, weary one, on sin's hard road, Come to Me; Lay at My feet your heavy load, Come to Me; Come, I will give you perfect rest, And peace will reign within your breast, And you shall pardoned be, and come to Me.

"I will not cast one soul away, Come to Me; But, oh, repeat while yet 'tis day! Come to Me;

For might be sinning on apace, When you no more may seek My face, Then past will be your day of grace: Come to Me."

Delay Not.

Tunes.—There's mercy still (B.J. 15); Bound for Calvary's shore (B.J. 112).

6 Salvation, precious gift of God,

To all mankind is free; Come, sinner, seek the cleansing blood,

While Jesus waits for thee.

Ingratitude has filled your heart With cruel thoughts and wrong; From hateful sin you cannot part, For Satan's chains are strong. Seek mercy now, for Jesus knows The strength and power of sin; He speaks and quickly overthrows Your enemy within.



COLONEL JACOBS

accompained by

BRIGADIER GASKIN,

with the
TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND
will visit

Lisgar St. Sunday, May 27.

LIEUT-COL. MARGETTS

will visit

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25; Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27; Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

LIEUT-COL. MRS. READ

Temple, Sunday, May 27.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. FRIEDRICH

Yo-kille, Sunday, May 27.

MAJOR McMILLAN

will visit

Li towel, Friday, May 25; Palmer-ton, Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27.

MRS. BRIGADIER GASKIN AND MRS. MAJOR TURNER.

Meaford, Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27; Collingwood, Monday, May 28; Barrie, Tuesday, May 29.



MAJOR COLLIER

Lippincott, Sunday, May 27.

MAJOR TURNER

Midland, Friday, May 25; Parry Sound, Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27; Burrie, Monday, May 28; Newmarket, Sat. and Sun., June 2, 3.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. STARYON

with the
LIFE BOAT CREW
will visit

Dovercourt, Monday, May 28; Lisgar St., Wednesday, May 30; Liphook St., Thursday, May 31.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. STARYON

Huron St., Sunday, May 27.

ADJUTANT PAGE

Dovercourt, Sunday, May 27.

The Saviour Calls,

Tunes.—Behold the Lamb (B.J. 27); What's the news? (B.J. 12); Better world (B.J. 11).

5 The Lord is calling. Hear Him say:

"Come to Me; Why madly rush in sin's dark way?

Come to Me; Why go unprepared to the grave?

To ransom you My life I gave, And I am waiting now to save;

Come to Me."

